



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

freshed by the daily contemplation of perfect human joy in an Apollo, perfect human love in an Aphrodite, and perfect practical wisdom in a Minerva."

Beauty being a verbal unit of the highest psychological generalizations, every attempt to define it must end rather in loose descriptions of some of its leading constituents, than in any satisfactory definition of the word itself. Every civilized people have grown all but unconsciously into these verbal units of knowledge, and the most gifted of our race comprehend them rather synthetically than analytically, rather instinctively than logically. All questions as to beauty being a real entity in nature, independently of man's perception of it, may amuse the curious, but can have no real bearing upon the increase of our knowledge, or the satisfaction of our intellect. It is equally futile to look upon man as the generator of beauty, independently of the world by which he is surrounded, and of which he forms the crowning part. All we know is, that the perception or sensation of beauty is evolved out of the juxtaposition of the percipient and the perceived. Whether the latter is mutable or immutable it is impossible to say, as the rose or any other thing of beauty may have been eternally unchangeable in all its essential constituents. But as to man, we believe him to have been progressive in his realization of the beautiful, both in nature and humanity. The variations in men as to their capacities to reflect the beautiful in the nature without them are innumerable, and might be traced to their peculiarities of organization, as well as to the modifications to which this is subjected by the social medium in which it has its growth and being. There are certain social combinations which are favorable to the growth of Art as well as to the evolution of beauty; there are others poisonous to both. Beauty is not the result of man's will, but of forces within him which are quite as much due to his antecedents as to the concomitants of his individual existence. When beauty is born through the medium of art, it is from a happy union of man with the universe in which he lives—a union that has love for its base, and not analytical criticism. Beauty has never had its root in a few isolated and heterogeneous particulars, but bodies forth from a deep and wide harmony of generalities which bind together the thing reflected with that in which it has its reflection. Is the eye of the artist but a mere inlet through which outward nature literally reflects herself on his canvas? Not at all. Man, the artist, in loving contact with outward nature, generates a thing of beauty, which, while partaking of both, is different from both, and marks a progression on the ascending scale of beauty; otherwise it is imitation, and not Art.

To a poet nothing can be useless. Whatever is beautiful, and whatever is dreadful, must be familiar to his imagination: he must be conversant with all that is awfully vast, or elegantly little. The plants of the garden, the animals of the wood, the minerals of the earth, and meteors of the sky, must all concur to store his mind with inexhaustible variety.—*Dr. Johnson.*

GLIMPSSES OF MUNICH,

FROM "AN ART-STUDENT IN MUNICH."

NUMBER TWO.

From the studio of Kaulbach we pass to the miracle play at Ober-Ammergan. This play is performed by the peasants of that and the neighboring villages in fulfillment of a vow made during the terrible pestilence in 1663. When the plague was at its height the peasants vowed to God that if He would stay its fury they would perform every ten years, in token of deep gratitude, and as a means of religious instruction, the whole Passion of our Saviour, from his entrance into Jerusalem to his Ascension. The journey by still-wagon to the Bavarian highlands, the assembling of a great multitude of German peasants from the whole country for many leagues around, their earnest, simple, religious interest in the tedious, yet quaint and serious performance, and the performance itself, which lasted, with only an hour's intermission, from eight o'clock in the morning till five in the afternoon, are admirably described in detail, and the whole adventure makes on the mind of the reader, as it must have done on that of the writer, the impression of a fantastic, yet beautiful dream.

We go to the studio of the late sculptor Schwanthaler—

"The Schwanthaler Strasse, like most of the streets in the newer quarters of Munich, spite of its gaily painted houses, with their tints of pale greens, pinks, greys, and salmon colors, their long rows of bright windows, and often their clustering vines and creepers, through which peeps forth here and there the white statue of the Madonna and Child, or a fresco of the Madonna or some saint, has a strange air of quietness, almost of desertion about it. No one is seen passing to and fro,—all is silent, as if sunk in a calm dream.

"The little court-yard of Schwanthaler's studio is especially quiet, and the gravel is thickly sprinkled with small weeds. The folding-doors of the studio open,—and as we step into the long gallery, before us rise, relieving themselves against a dull red wall, the colossal figures of the *Hermann Schlacht* or 'Battle of Arminius'—the frieze for the northern pediment of the Walhalla at Ratisbon. Hermann, in his winged helmet, grasps his terrific sword, pausing for a moment in his slaughter; his strong feet press the reeds and mosses of the morass, like the feet of a destroying angel,—his matted locks are blown back from his relentless brows, and he gazes down on the fallen and struggling foes around him. On the one hand are the Roman combatants: on the other, a bard, a female seer, with loosened hair wreathed with oak-leaves, and face raised with a wild visionary look about it, and Hermann's old dying father,—Hermann's wife, an Amazonian woman, bending over him. We stand in the very heart of the old German world,—are transported to those mighty forests inhabited by a Titanic race and by fabulous dragons. We are among beings of an elder world, large of limb, and of perfect proportions. They have had space and time to develop themselves in those primordial forests. They are not savages; it is not mere physical strength and beauty that they possess. They are endowed with a strange intellectual beauty and power that make the gazer breathless. With the grandeur and simplicity and power of the antique, the sculptor has united a fresh element—the wild mysterious

poetry belonging to the mythology of the North. His gods are not Jupiters and Apollos, but Thors and Odins. They have a mystery and a grand undeveloped intellectuality about them which kindle the soul as does the rude, jagged peak of an alp, or the sound of thunder, or like the sight of a sea or of a vast plain."

"Schwanthaler's works may be divided into three classes:—Firstly, those belonging to the old Scandinavian world, and the age of Saga, of which the Bavaria, the Hermann, and the Libussa may be taken as the types; secondly, the mediæval; and thirdly,—alas, that Schwanthaler should have succumbed to the dire necessity!—portraits. There are various colossal and illustrious dukes, electors, kings, and emperors, to whom he has certainly succeeded in giving an air of stern dignity; and there are various monuments to men illustrious in other ways,—as Goethe, Jean Paul, etc.; but all these statues are very mediocre in the presence of the Hermann, the Libussa, or the four statues of the Rivers which adorn a fountain in Vienna.

"Schwanthaler revelled in the old legendary world; his subjects are bards and seers as well as warriors and amazons. The Libussa is as unique as the old Bohemian legend itself. Once having seen that gloriously beautiful damsel, with her indescribable countenance,—in which is a strange mingling of the amazon, the enchantress, and the loving woman,—who can forget her? Yet who can describe her, as she stands there in her power and dignity,—the massive waves of hair flowing down from her shoulders,—the rich folds of her somewhat quaint drapery falling in ample abundance round her noble form,—one strong yet exquisitely moulded hand resting on her hip, whilst the other holds an unfolded scroll? Yes, precisely thus must she have stood when consulted by her future husband, then a poor knight, as to his fate in life; and when the astounding future, which she will scarcely acknowledge to herself, much less to him, has been revealed to her. Thus must she have stood, as she said, 'Wait till the evening, when, having consulted my books, I will tell thee!' And again when evening came, and she said, 'Wait till the dawn, when I shall have consulted my dream!'

"There is the 'Beautiful Melusina' also,—which, however, is inferior to the Libussa; and there are a number of nymphs and river-gods all belonging to this class, full of a spirit as grand as that of the antique, but totally different."

Our student is present at the opening of the Siegesthor or triumphal arch at the end of the beautiful Ludwig Strasse—

"This triumphal arch, dedicated to the Bavarian Army, is built in imitation of the triumphal arch of Constantine in Rome, and was designed by the architect, Gärtner, in 1844. It is constructed of stone brought from the neighborhood of Regensburg, and is embellished with medallions and basso-reliefs—principally from designs by Professor Wagner—executed in white marble from Carrara and the Tyrol. The masonry is said to surpass in solidity and beauty anything in Europe.

"The subjects of the six medallions represent the various provinces subject to the Bavarian sway:—

"1. *Upper and Lower Bavaria*—Agriculture, Cattle, and Alpine Scenery.

"2. *The Palatinate*—Culture of the Vine and Fishing.

"3. *Upper Palatinate*—Forging of Iron.

"4. *Upper and Central Franconia*—Forging of Iron, Breeding of Cattle, and Manufactures.

"5. *Lower Franconia*—Cultivation of Corn and of the Vine, and Navigation.

"6. *Swabia*—Weaving.

"The basso-reliefs are—1. Combat between Infantry; 2. Combat between Infantry and Cavalry; 3. Combat between Cavalry; 4. Siege of a Fortress; 5. Attack of a Fortress with Battering-ram; 6. Passage of a River. Of course all these medallions and basso-reliefs are of a classical character.

"Eight winged Victories, four on either side of the gate, rise grandly before the pediment. They are of the noblest forms and proportions, and are sculptured in Carrara marble. To my mind these Victories are by far the most beautiful feature of the Triumphal Arch. Often, at sunset, the red evening light catches on their tall wings and majestic forms, tinting them on one side with rose-color, while the shadow side shows a pale, cold azure. They then seem like genii keeping watch over the city. Two flying Victories, with wreaths and palms, appear over the central arch. The four pilasters which support the pediment are of the Corinthian order. The whole is to be surmounted by a figure of Bavaria, seated in a triumphal car drawn by four lions. The statue, car, and lions, to be cast in bronze, are now in progress at the foundry.

"This Triumphal Arch, as may be imagined, forms a striking termination to the noble Ludwig Strasse, and a most impressive entrance to Munich. Many an evening this summer have I stopped in admiration of this noble gateway. The long, broad Ludwig Strasse, so beautiful and unique from its harmonious Byzantine architecture, widens out into a kind of square, where play two abundant fountains. On one hand stretches the solemn white mass of the University—on the other, the pale stone-colored, severe-looking Jesuits' College—behind me rise into the calm evening sky the white towers of the Ludwig Kirche, each surmounted by a gilt cross, which, catching the last rays of the evening sun, glitter like two stars. Scarcely a footstep is heard in the silent square—the only sounds being the constant fresh splash of the fountains, and the distant murmur and rustle of trees as the evening breeze passes through them. Before me rises the gateway; and as if gazing down on me, stand the grand, calm Victories, their dazzling marble whiteness catching tints of rose and azure, like snowy Alpine peaks—whilst through the three round arches of the gate I catch a long perspective of green, solemn poplars, skirting the road across the wide plain."

IDEALITY delights in perfection from the pure pleasure of contemplating it. So far as it is concerned, the picture, the statue, the landscape, or the mansion on which it abides with the intensest rapture, is as pleasing, although the property of another, as if all its own. It is a spring that is touched by the beautiful wherever it exists; and hence its means of enjoyment are as unbounded as the universe. * * * *

Not only is external nature invested with the most exquisite loveliness, but a capacity for moral and intellectual refinement is given to us, by which we may rise in the scale of excellence, and at every step of our progress, reap direct enjoyment from this sentiment. Its constant desire is for "something more exquisite still." In its own immediate impulses it is delightful, and external nature and our own faculties respond to its call.—*G. Combe.*